

Boston, May 24, 1836.

My dear, courageous, faithful, indefatigable coadjutor:

18 [If I have been disappointed in not hearing from you more frequently by letter, I am quite sure that you have not greatly marvelled at my long silence, knowing, as you well do, my habit of procrastination, and my growing and almost invincible repugnance to pen, ink and paper. However, this is no excuse, nor is it offered as an excuse, on my behalf;—and as for yourself, it is with joy and gratitude I acknowledge the receipt of your cheering letter of the 13th ultims. Another has been received from you, of the same date, addressed to brother Henry. Copious extracts from both were read this morning to our New-England Convention, which thrilled and delighted a crowded and highly intelligent auditory. But more of this anon.]

[As I have not written to you since February 18th, (to my shame and confusion of face be the confession made,) with an immense amount of materials to make an epistle of some length and interest, I am nevertheless puzzled to know what to present to you. And, besides, I am at this juncture ill in body, and feeble in mind, and distracted with duties, and driven into a corner by the urgency of the occasion. Our mutual friend Spencers, of Salem, will sail to-morrow or next day for England, and as I have just heard of his intention, you perceive how limited I am for times.]

First of all, our hearts are gladdened beyond measure to learn how kindly, approvingly, enthusiastically, you have been received by a portion of the noblest men and women on the face of the globe. It has not been in the power of traducers here, nor of recreant delegates at home, to diminish the respect, or weaken the attachment of the friends of bleeding humanity for you, in the smallest degree. — No, — blessed be God! though you have passed through a roaring furnace of affliction, even the smell of fire has not been found upon your garments, because a form like unto the Son of God was with you. See what it is to be valiant for the truth, to be steadfast in the truth, and to be victorious through the truth! See how much better it is to cling to principle in the darkest hour of adversity, than to go with human policy in the broad sunshine of worldly popularity!

Several numbers of the Glasgow Chronicle have
 been received, [the latest ~~was~~^{is} April 22, containing your public
 announcement of the birth of F. D. Garrison, which makes me feel
 a little queerly,] and happy are all our abolition friends to read
 the reports of your eloquent lectures, and to observe the strict im-
 partiality with which you mingle praise and blame in your
 remarks upon this country. [As a nation, we scarcely deserve one
 ounce of praise, but rather an avalanche of wrath hurled from
 the throne of God to crush us into annihilation. Our corruption,
 our wickedness, our savage ferocity, are not yet fully made
 manifest. My heart is sick, and my hope of the salvation of
 this country flickering like a flame in the socket. But God
 reigns, and God is against the oppressor, and God shall have
 the victory, if the nation must first be emptied of its inhabi-
 tants—and this is my consolation. I do not despair of the
 power of truth, but I tremble lest that power shall be in judg-
 ment, and not in mercy. We can no more doubt that the truth
 will prevail, than that God is omnipotent; but what truth is
 to prevail is, in our case, extremely doubtful. It may be this,
 through repentance—"Your iniquities will I blot out, and your
 sins will I remember no more." Or it may be this, through
 guilty stubbornness—"Then said the Lord unto me, Pray not for this
 people for their good. When they fast, I will not hear their cry;
 and when they offer burnt-offering and an oblation, I will not ac-
 cept them: but I will consume them by the sword, and by the fam-
 ine, and by the pestilence." Already, the sword begins to devour;
 already, a terrible retribution is meted out to the inhabitants of a por-
 tion of the land. The numerous Indian tribes on our southern and
 western borders, having been robbed of their lands, and goaded to des-
 peration by the cruel oppression of the whites, are up in arms, carry-
 ing death and desolation in their train, and not only defeating but ab-
 solutely out-generalling the U. S. troops. [They have ravaged many plan-
 tations, killed many inhabitants, and emancipated a considerable
 number of slaves. Osceola, their chief, is a warrior ~~that~~^{who} may

be considered the boldest, bravest, and most sagacious, since the days of King Philip of New-England. In Georgia, Alabama and Florida, all is consternation among the whites.. U.S. troops are mustering from all quarters to the field of strife. All belonging to Fort Independence, in this harbor, have been ordered to Georgia. - This war will cost much blood and treasure, petty as it may seem. It is thus slaveholders are bringing down vengeance upon their heads. - While I denounce war on all occasions, and under all circumstances, yet my sympathies are always on the side of the oppressed, and never with the oppressor. Heroic and dauntless as are the red men of the forest, they cannot long cope with the colossal power of this nation, and will probably be wholly exterminated in the course of a few years. But their blood will cry to heaven for redress. It covers our soil, and drenches the garments of the people.]

Have you heard of a horrible transaction which has just taken place at St. Louis, Missouri? It seems an attempt was made to arrest two white persons for some misdemeanor, but a free colored person, belonging to Pittsburg, Pa. interfering, they made their escape. He was immediately arrested, and as the officer was carrying him to prison, he asked what would be done with him? The reply was, that he would be sold as a slave, into bondage. Upon this, he drew a knife, gave the officer a mortal stab, and badly wounded an assistant. As soon as he was secured in prison, the populace broke into his cell, dragged him out by moonlight to a tree to which they chained him, and then slowly and methodically roasted him alive, until he was consumed to ashes!! He bore his tortures with amazing fortitude, singing hymns, &c. No attempt was made to deliver him: he was burnt by common consent. Very little notice of this diabolical sacrifice has been taken in any of the newspapers. The victim was a colored man - "a nigger" - and why should any sympathy be excited, or horror expressed? "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

You will be glad to see our mutual and much esteemed friend Thomas Spencer in England. As he is to carry out with him a large quantity of anti-slavery documents, it will not be necessary, and, indeed, I have neither time nor room, to give you a detail of our anti-slavery proceedings for the last three months. Suffice it to say, the mob spirit seems to be almost wholly allayed, our labors are abundant, our victories over false-

hood and prejudice very numerous, and societies are multiplying with unexampled rapidity. They number at this moment not less than six hundred!! and you know something of the character of the men and women who compose them — the very salt of the earth — the chosen among mankind — the beloved of God. Notwithstanding the last year was the most appalling in the history of this country — notwithstanding scenes of riot were witnessed in every section of the land, and "lynch law" was superior to common law and the constitution — yet the average increase of new societies, throughout the year, was about one daily! We hope to do better this year.

No. 6.

Wm Lloyd Garrison

George Thompson, Esq.
Care of Wm. Somerville, Junr.
& St. David-Street,
Edinburgh,
Scotland:

Henry has not yet seen your letter. For the last two months, he has been at the borders of the grave (in Brooklyn. He was first attacked with a dangerous ^{fever} (which settled in a cough upon his lungs,) and then seemed to be wasting in a galloping consumption. Our fears and our grief were indescribable. I rejoice to add, that he is now apparently recovering, but will probably not be able again to occupy his station at the anti-slavery rooms. Mr. Knapp and myself feel inexpressibly thankful to you for having arranged matters so successfully with Joseph Phillips. The books, as directed, shall be forwarded to him the first opportunity. Helen is quite ill at present, but our boy is in a fine condition. A multitude desire to be affectionately remembered to you. No room for names. Yours, steadfastly
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.